

Isward Books Office

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 7.

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NO. 18

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

Whitens the Clothes beautifully, without eating any holes in them.  
Clothes washed with poor soap don't last long.  
Clothes washed with

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

will last—a great point gained, and you don't have to rub when you use SUNLIGHT SOAP: It does most all the work itself.

Less Labor!  
Greater Comfort!

N. D. HOOPER,

Sole Agent for New Brunswick.  
P. O. Box 151. St. John, N. B.

## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

## THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

See that your Advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

## A CARGO OF BURNING COAL.

The reader may think that while coal must be a dirty cargo it is in other respects an innocent one; but there is no shipmaster who does not dread a long voyage with this kind of freight, for many a fine vessel has been lost owing to the coal taking fire through spontaneous combustion; therefore the greatest care is exercised in carrying it, and whenever the weather will permit, the hatches are opened in order to give the gases in the hold an opportunity to escape. The regular coal carriers are fitted with ventilators set in different parts of the deck, and the holds of the vessels are kept pure and wholesome by turning the gaping mouths of a number of huge funnels so that the wind will pass into and down them to the interior of the ship, and keep up a circulation by escaping through other ventilators that are turned in a contrary direction.

A good many years back when I was an able young seaman on board the barque Raleigh, I had an experience that was both exciting and strange. Our vessel was loaded with coal, and bound from Philadelphia to Australia. The run down to the equator had been a slow but pleasant one, owing not only to the mild, beautiful weather that we had held right along since sailing, but because the Raleigh had what was something of a novelty in those days, in the way of an excellent and kindly set of officers. We were what is called a "happy ship."

After reaching about the parallel of 20 degrees south we got a stress of weather for over a week, in which several of our sails were blown away and a number of light spars were wrecked. All our live stock of pigs and chickens were drowned, owing to the flooding of our decks, for we sat very low in the water.

One day that we ran into pleasant weather again we started to take off the hatches, when a gassy, choking smell poured out of the opening. The cargo was on fire. There was only one thing to do—to replace the hatches, bore holes through them, and pump streams of water into the hold, endeavoring to drown the fire before it gained additional headway. All hands were called to the task, and for twenty-four hours we worked for our lives, the crew being divided into relief gangs so that the deck pumps might be kept constantly going.

Before another morning came, however, we knew that the ship was doomed, for the decks grew hot under our feet, and

through various crevices the weakening, nauseating fumes of coal gas poured, overpowering us at times as we plied the pump handles. The wind died away, leaving the ship becalmed, and over and around her hung a sickly blue pall of vapor. Then the order was given to provision the boats and desert the Raleigh. We pulled a little way from the vessel and rested on our oars, watching the noble ship. As long as she floated there we seemed to have something to cling to on the wide desolate reach of waters.

Shortly afterward the mainmast swayed like a drunken man, then with an awful crash it pitched over the side, dragging with it the foretop-gallant mast and the mizzen topmast. Through the broken deck a column of winding sulphurous flame shot into the air. The pitch ran wriggling out of the seams of the Raleigh's planking, and fell hissing in little showers into the water alongside as the vessel rolled sluggishly on the swells. An hour later the bark was a mass of flames, and we pulled away to escape from the heat.

There were two boats, the captain commanding one and the chief mate the other. Each had been provided with a chart and compass, and, in addition to these instruments, the two officers had carried away their sextants in order to navigate by the sun and stars. Into each boat had been stowed food and water, which it was calculated would last about ten days by putting all hands on short allowance; but it was hoped that before the provisions were consumed we would be picked up by a passing vessel or successful in sailing to Rio Janeiro, distant from us something less than 600 miles. The captain's boat being the larger of the two, carried the second mate, steward, cook and eight seamen while the mate's boat held the carpenter, and four seamen, myself included among the latter.

The boats laid alongside of one another while the captain and mate decided upon the course to be steered; then we separated, made sail to the southeast breeze that had set in, and stretched away into the northeast, the captain's boat in the lead. The wind gathered strength from the southeast, giving us a following breeze for the port towards which we were steering, and both boats made good weather of the moderate sea, then running, sweeping along at the rate of five knots to the hour.

All that afternoon the boats kept within sight of one another, and when night fell not over a quarter of a mile divided us. With the first flush of dawn we swept the expanse of waters, but nothing was to be seen. We were alone. Every little while during the day that followed we would scan the horizon, hoping to lift the long-boat's sail into view; but in vain. We never saw her again, or heard tidings of the twelve brave souls from whom we had parted only a few hours before. That she never reached port is certain; but what her ultimate fate proved, no one knows.

It blew up a gale of wind that afternoon, and I heard the mate say that the storm experienced during the week that was past had recurred, and that we would get it worse than ever on its back track. To prevent the boat from foundering, we unstepped the mast, made a span to it by securing a length of rope to each end, and to the middle of this bridle we bent the boat's painter. Then we dropped this sea anchor over the bows and rode to it, the strain upon the painter keeping the head of the boat to the seas that rolled down on us.

When night settled upon the deep it shut out one of the wildest sights of ocean-lashed waters that I had ever seen; but the darkness only intensified the terror. For in the blackness we would feel the frail boat swung with dizzy velocity up and up and up on some mountainous sea, as though she was never going to stop; then, while the great seething crest was roaring in a thousand diabolical voices about us she would drop down, down, down with a motion that was like falling through space.

It might have been the middle of the night when, worn out from the labor of bailing without intermission for many hours, I threw myself down in the bow of the boat, and locking my arms around one of the thwarters to keep from being pitched about, I fell into an exhausted sleep. I don't know how long I slept, but I was brought to my senses by a sea bursting into the boat, and I found my legs wedged under the seat as I sat half suffocated on the flooring with the water up to my armpits. Looking aft, I could see by the phosphorescent glow of the breaking seas that no shapes of men were visible against the background of sky. My companions were gone.

The gunwale of the boat was within a few inches of the water, and it needed only the spume of another wave falling in the boat to sink her. There was no time for indulging in grief over the loss of my ship-

mates—there was time only for work, and very little for that, if I was to save my life. Tearing off my cap, I used it as a bailer and worked desperately.

At last another morning came, and with it the gale broke, but I allowed the boat to remain hove to during that day and following night, so as to give the seas a chance to go down.

The second morning dawned clear and beautiful, with the ocean subsided into long even swells, and the wind settled down again to the regular trades. Most of the provisions had been ruined by the sea that filled the boat but I found two water-tight cans filled with pilot bread that promised to supply my needs for some time to come. The fresh water in the boat breakers had kept sweet owing to the bungs being in place.

I had opened one of the tins, and was sitting on a thwart making a breakfast from its contents, when, happening to look astern, I made out, not more than a mile away, the wreck of a small vessel. Everything about the foremast was standing below the cross-trees, but only the splintered stumps of her main and mizzen masts were to be seen above the deck, while the spars themselves, together with their gear, were hanging in a wild confusion over the side.

I got in my drag, re-stepped the mast, set the sail, and bore down upon the wreck. As I drew close to her I expected to see some signs of her crew, for the vessel sat fairly high in the water, and looked seaworthy enough to be navigated into port by making sail upon the fore and rigging up jury masts on the two stumps abaft—plenty of material for such to be found in the raffle alongside. No evidence, however, of life showed itself when I rounded under the stern, reading the name Mercedes in large white letters. Letting fly my sheet, I caught the leeward chain plates, and, jumping on board, with the painter, I secured the same to a belaying pin, and looked about me.

I was at once sensible that there was some water in the hold by the peculiar motion of the vessel as she rose and fell to the seas that underran her; but at the same time it was apparent that there could not be anything like a dangerous quantity otherwise the plane of the deck would have floated much closer to the surface of the sea. Without regarding the nationality of the name, it was clear to me that the vessel was either a Portuguese or Italian trader by the rainbow character of her paint work, the slovenliness of the rigging, that was yet almost intact upon the fore, and, in spite of the drenching that she had received, the unmistakable evidence of red fez upon a mop of greasy black hair. He rushed up to me so wild with excitement that he kept hopping up and down like a jumping-jack, while he smote his breast and screamed something in Portuguese.

I shook my head and said, thumping my own breast. "No speakee Portuguese; me American!"  
At this he yelled, accompanying his words with such a tremendous smiting of his poor ribs that I thought he would beat them in:  
"Me speakee Americano! Me Capitano! Me Capitano this sheep! How you come I me say!"

I saw how it was. I had picked up the crew of the Mercedes three days after they had abandoned the vessel to which they had just returned.  
I held up my hand as a sign to the frantic, jabbering monkeys to keep silence then I explained partly by broken English and the rest by signs how I had found the bark deserted, had pumped her out, and was trying to reach the coast of South America in her. I ended by telling the captain that I was glad to see him and give him back his vessel.  
He was so overpowered with gratitude and joy at such an unexpected and happy ending to his troubles that he flung his dirty arms around my neck and kissed my cheeks effusively in the fulness of his heart. I was an honored guest on board the captain's "sheep" from that time forth, and several days later, when crippled and torn, the poor old Mercedes staggered into the beautiful harbor of Rio Janeiro, and I took leave of the uncouth but kindly and grateful sailor, he repeated his kissing and forced into my hand a small bag of gold pieces, representing probably all his savings, while he said:  
"You take dees. Me love brave Americano sailor who save me sheep."—Harper's Round Table.

Entering the cabin I overhauled the four state rooms it contained, finding in three of them nothing but such odds and ends as are peculiar to sailors' chests and in the fourth room, which had been used as a pantry, quite an assortment of boxes and barrels of provisions, although there was proof that some of them had been broken into and rummaged quite recently.  
Then I went on deck again and lifted off one of the main hatch covers. No cargo of any nature was to be seen, nothing but a mass of black oily water washing from side to side. It was plain that the vessel was in ballast, that she had sprung a leak in the last gale of wind, that her crew had become frightened, had given her up for lost, and taken to the boats. It was also clear that the leak had stopped itself in some manner—possibly when the old tub had ceased straining after the sea went down—and that if I could pump out the hull I might be able to put her before the wind by making sail on the fore, and so, with the favoring trade winds, let the Mercedes drift along to the port dead away to leeward.

A sailor is never idle long after laying out his work. First I emptied my boat of its water-breakers and provisions, then let it tow astern. Next I got an axe out of the boatswain's locker and chopped away the rigging that held the broken spars to the bark, then when the vessel was clear I squared the topsail yard by the braces, ran aloft, cast off the gaskets that held the sail, descended to the deck where I sheeted home the topsail as well as possible, and carried the halyards through a leading block to the capstan on which I hove away until I had lifted the yard as high as my strength allowed. Next I ran up the jib, sheeted it down and raced aft to the wheel. I put the tiller up, and the old bucket at once answered her helm. When I got her fairly before the wind I lashed the wheel, and seeing that she would steer herself with only a little watching, I got to work at the pumps.

the water in the hold to half its original depth. Then I settled away the topsail and let it hang. The jib I left standing, knowing that it would help to keep the vessel out of the trough, even if it did little or no good in the way of forcing the bark ahead. The weather promised to continue clear and moderate, so I built a fire in the galley range, brought a quantity of stores from the pantry and made a hearty meal. I "turned in all standing," as seamen say when they go to bed without undressing, and slept long and heavily.

The next morning I again set my topsail and scudded away to leeward while I finished clearing the bark of water.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. I had gone up on the little top-gallant forecastle to have a look at the Mercedes' ground tackle, when I made out, about two points on the bow, and less than a mile away, a ship's boat filled with men. They had discovered the bark, for they were pulling to get in her path. As soon as I appeared to them there was a waving of hats and a confusion of cheers and calls. By the time that I had settled away the topsail halyards and pulled the jib down the boat was alongside, and her late occupants were tumbling over the rail. The first one to touch the deck was a fat little man almost as swarthy as a Malay, and twice as dirty, who wore enormous gold hoops in his ears, and a dilapidated red fez upon a mop of greasy black hair. He rushed up to me so wild with excitement that he kept hopping up and down like a jumping-jack, while he smote his breast and screamed something in Portuguese.

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## NEAR TO DEATH'S DOOR.

THIS WAS THE CONDITION OF THE YOUNG SON OF MR. JOHN ENGLISH, OF LAKEFIELD, ONT.

Extremely Nervous, Debilitated, Seemingly Without Vitality or Vigor. The Highest Medical Skill was Unable to Battle With His Disease.

Whatever may be the cause, it is unfortunately too true that large numbers of children are afflicted with nervous troubles. These in many cases assume aggravated conditions and develop often into what is really a feature of paralysis. A result of severe sickness some years ago Robert B. English, the young son of Mr. John English, who conducts a large cooperage business in Lakefield, Ont., became the victim of what seemed like chronic nervousness. The child was taken with severe twitchings accompanied by fits that were doomed to speedily wreck the whole system. Naturally the best medical skill was brought into requisition but no relief was secured. South American Nerviline was used, and with the result that after six bottles had been taken the boy was restored to perfect health and is to-day one of the most robust and healthy children in his section of country. The case of Minnie Stevens, of London, Ont., daughter of Mr. F. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., is a somewhat similar case. Twelve bottles of medicine cured a severe case of paralysis there.

The great secret of Nerviline is that it cures at the nerve centres, and for this reason is a panacea sure, certain and lasting in all cases of nervous troubles, general debility, indigestion, sick headache, and like difficulties in old and young. It removes these troubles, and besides, builds up the system, for it is one of the greatest flesh-producers that the age has seen.

## TOO WEAK TO WALK.

FRIENDS HAD GIVEN UP HOPE OF RECOVERY.

The trouble began with a cough which settled on the lungs—subject to fainting spells, and at last forced to take to bed—restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when all other medicines had failed.

From L'Impartial, Tignish, P. E. I.

Mr. Dominick P. Chaisson, who lives on the Harper Road, about two miles from the town of Tignish, P. E. I. personally took the trouble to bring before the notice of the editor of L'Impartial the particulars of the cure of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. D. Chaisson, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case is certainly a remarkable, and we cannot do better than give it in Mr. Chaisson's own words. "My son's wife," said he, "has been sick for some seven years past, but previous to that time was a strong healthy person. Just about seven years ago she took a severe cold, which attacked her lungs and from that time up to the beginning of the past summer her health has been feeble, and at times we despaired of saving her life. It was not her disposition to give up easily, and on some occasions while engaged in household work she would be seized with a fainting spell, which would leave her so weak she would be confined to her bed for several days in a semi-conscious state. More than once we thought she was dying. There was a continual feeling of numbness in her limbs,



Can now Walk to Church.

almost constant severe pains in her chest which were only eased by a stooping position. Added to this she was troubled with a hacking cough, sometimes so severe at night that she did not obtain more than a few hours sleep. About the end of 1894 we had given up all hopes of her recovery, and the neighbors were of the same opinion. She was reduced to a mere skeleton, and could scarcely take any nourishment. She had grown so weak that she could not walk across the bedroom floor without help. We had often heard and read of the great cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at this stage, when all else had failed, I urged that they be given a trial, and procured a half dozen boxes. After using them for about three weeks she could walk across her bedroom floor without aid, and from that time on she continued improving in health from day to day. She continued taking the Pink Pills for about four months, with the result that she is now a healthy woman, and it is now no trouble for her to walk to church, a distance of two miles, and the grateful praises of herself and friends will always be given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy which a dealer, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Out of a total population of almost fifteen thousand people in Hull, there are only three hundred who will be entitled to vote in the approaching municipal campaign.

## Hands and Ankles Raw.

For years I have been a great sufferer from itchy skin trouble and salt rheum. My hands and ankles were literally raw. The first application of Dr. Chase's Ointment allayed the burning, itching sensation. One box and a half entirely cured me. It is also instant relief for chilblains. Henry A. Parmenter, St. Catharines, Ont.

While talking to her son on the main street of Tweed, Ont., last week, Mrs. Robert Gordon, of that town, suddenly dropped dead.

## Children Cry for

It is understood that fifteen Americans are held in Saghalien prison by the Russian authorities, for prohibitory fishing in Siberian waters.

## What She Said.

Mrs. R. Peck, E. 15th street, New York City, visited Canada last year, and had the good fortune to pick up something which not only suited her, but her neighbors also. Writing the manufacturer of Nerviline she says:—"I bought three bottles of Nerviline while in Canada and treated my neighbors to some of it, and all think it the best medicine for internal or external pain they have ever used." Nerviline deserves such commendation, for it is a most powerful, penetrating, and certain remedy for pain of all kinds. Take no substitute.

The Spanish government is negotiating with a Paris syndicate to increase to 125,000,000 pesetas the loan required to continue operations against the Cuban insurgents.

## DIABETES CURABLE.

Given up to die—Uses Dodd's Kidney Pills and is Cured by eight boxes.

KIRKFIELD. (Special) Dec. 23. Mr. Duncan McKenzie, miller and lumberman of this place had return from Kansas lately. Had failed in health and strength, had lost fifty pounds in weight. Was given up by his physicians as well as by specialists in Toronto, and by himself and friends. Now comes a change.—He says in a letter to Dodd's Medicine Co. "After commencing with your Dodd's Kidney Pills, I got help inside of two weeks. I took eight boxes in eight weeks am completely cured, not a symptom left, general good health. Have regained my old health and weight. Had been bothered with heart and liver, both have vanished with the diabetes. I can walk briskly for miles instead of crawling as before. Am a brother of the President of the Toronto Street Railway Co., and well known here." Diabetes is set down as incurable—Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure.

Harry Hayward's ante mortem statement dictated to a stenographer the night before his execution contains his confession of the King murder and also the startling information that he committed three murders before that crime. Hayward stated in his confession that he never got into trouble until he began to gamble. "The first murder I committed," said he, "was in San Francisco in the later part of 1893. The victim was a Chinaman. I dug a hole in the place under the floor in the shed, broke up the chair I killed him with and buried it with the body there. I never had any trouble from it although the papers made a report of finding the body. After beginning I rather liked the excitement, then luck followed me, and I went from there to Pasadena, I had formed the acquaintance of a likely girl, a regular adventuress. I was a little pressed for money and the girl had saved \$500. I had her put; she turned over the money, and I took her out riding, shot her, and buried the body." She was not very well known and was never missed. I never heard of that matter from that day to this.

A fire occurred in a tenement at South Boston Monday night during which Mrs. Ernest Sansen was burned to a crisp. Her husband was drunk and was locked up on suspicion. He is responsible for the fire.

## Supported by Prominent Men Throughout the Dominion.

Edward J. Javers, Real Estate Broker, 63 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada, writes: "I have much pleasure in testifying to the benefits I have received from using K. D. C. While I do not believe in 'cure-alls' under all circumstances I can confidently recommend it for indigestion. I know of others who have also tried it with satisfaction."

"I met an old acquaintance, and in comparing notes I said that 'Indigestion' was my only trouble; he replied that he had suffered from the same thing for over thirty years; I said that I had a specific; I advised him to try K. D. C., he said it was his specific and we shook hands and agreed to give K. D. C. our support."

"It is worthy of your support, and is the sure support of the Dyspeptic."

Messrs. Wood and Prior will be members of the cabinet, but their departments will still be subsidiary to the department of trade and commerce.

## Pitcher's Castoria.